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The Message of the Stars

An Address by
WILL STEEL

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A. B. Hendrix College, L.L.B. Vanderbilt University.

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TO MY DEAR WIFE

I dedicate this volume
wistfully dreaming that happy and with hearts aglow
we may go down life's hill together
and enter the shadow
one with the other.

Publisher's Note:

Some years ago, the graduating class of Hendrix College, located at Conway, Arkansas, agreed that ten years thereafter a reunion of all alumni of that institution would be called to meet on some fixed day at the annual Commencement exercises.

Pursuant to that agreement, this meeting was held and Mr. Will Steel, a lawyer of Texarkana, Arkansas, and an alumnus of Hendrix College, was selected to deliver the principal address.

He accepted the invitation and selected as his subject "The Message of the Stars," under which subject he discussed in turn (1) the stars of Heaven, (2) the stars of history, and (3) the stars of Hendrix.

This volume with some changes and some additions contains his address delivered on that occasion.

The Message of the Stars

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:—

When your program committee, through my good friend N. J. Gantt, notified me that I had been selected to address you on this occasion, I was reminded of the experience of the young lady whose sweetheart called on her one night, and during the conversation, told her that he thought she was the most beautiful woman on earth. After he had gone, she went to her room, knelt down by her bed, and thanked God that love was blind, and so I feel that I should accept this compliment with a similar supplication.

I assure you, Mr. Chairman, that it is no empty sentiment when I say that I genuinely rejoice in striking hands with friends and boon companions of the happy long ago.

I can hardly realize that fourteen years have passed since I became a student at Hendrix College; since first I landed upon that old depot platform an untutored country lad, as green as the verdant hillslopes from which I hailed.

I recall as vividly as if it were but yesterday the peculiar grandeur of those first impressions. And when I reached the campus, and the different professors were pointed out to me, I remember how I viewed them in reverent wonder; how I thought that Israel's king in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

I recall distinctly the impenetrable mystery, the

startled astonishment with which I listened to the first College Yell.

"Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before."

Of all the mingled and meaningless jargon of the languages, to me they were making the supreme effort.

I knew that foreigners, both Japanese and Chinese attended the school but I thought it so strange that they should become so excited in their conversations.

Today, as memory sweeps her lute and recollection rings her silver bells, there steals before my eyes a vivid rose-hued vision of the first Central Reception, an occasion whose "memories still bless and burn."

Years can not distance nor can time dim that eventful hour of my social evolution. Yes, well do I remember how with palpitating heart and profuse perspiration I patiently prepared for the perilous moment when I would enter that field of fantastic terrors, and when it came, how I was led by a bachelor professor, to me as bold "as any knight of fame whose shield e'er hung in Branksome Hall," into a bevy of Central girls as beautiful as butterflies fresh from their flowers.

Stately and silent I sat like Vishnu the Somber as my temperature rose and the tragedy deepened,

"While I thrilled beneath the glances
Of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer,
And as tender as the skies."

It was thus the veneer of my country life vanished, as the evening waned and my collar wilted.

I recall how I sat enchanted beneath that glittering dome of pleasure, as some dim violet of the long ago drew from trembling strings the divine symphonies of Beethoven,

"Like that wild harp whose magic tone
Is wakened by the winds alone,"

until it seemed the fragrant air blossomed with melody.

At this distant date, I trust I betray no confidences, when I say that on the brink of that treacherous Rubicon many a Maud Muller, at home, unconscious of cause or crises, has lost her erstwhile lover.

Yet with my country comrades of the long ago, who came in their unspent splendor of youth, to seek the light and climb the marbled steeps of toil, sacred indeed are those jewelled hours, though purpled now with the wine of shadow, and mellowed with the mists of memory, "as time with ruthless fingers tells the rosary of the years."

We rejoice today that time in its tireless flight has guided our pilgrim footsteps back to the loving arms of our alma mater and to the cherished confines of this old campus.

That once more we are permitted to stand within the shadow of this stately building, and gather within these classic halls, "still sweet with the perfume of withered flowers and hallowed by a lingering love."

As we sit today like pensive Ruth and glean the

grain of the golden past, as we unbar its gates of roses and wander 'mid its mignonettes of memory, we realize that in those days friendships were formed, the truest that ever followed one out into life's rugged highway.

Sacred all are those treasured friendships, that have deepened with the tread of time, friendships that bless and brood above us in the ecstacies of this hour, friendships that teach the wondrous truth that "kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

As exiles awakened by the minstrels of memory, across life's fretful waves of care, we homeward turn our crafts today, that they with phantom keels and tinted sails may ride at anchor in the haven of this hospitable harbor.

'Neath the pillared beauty of these stately elms and sheltering oaks, that bend above us like Diana's bow, we walk for a day the well known pathways as of yore.

Moss fringed and aged by the relentless years, they are to me the hallowed highways of the soul, for,

"Those golden paths are running down the years,
Let us turn us from our sorrow and our tears
And where love is softly calling,
Ere the dusk of night be falling,
Let us hide us in their glory
From our fears.

"Those golden paths are running through the dew,
And the heavens laugh above them clear and blue,
Where the sunlit hills are gleaming
Let us wander in sweet dreaming,
Let us seek the morning glories
All day through."

It is indeed a priceless boon to walk again the lilac lined and scented aisles of the long ago, imprisoned in the crested glory of green hedged walls, while from each sheltered nook and dusky bower spring smiling faces of old friends like mystic genii from the vase.

At the rim of this inviting rendezvous, we linger today like Perii at the gates of paradise, with hearts that are filled and thrilled by a harvest moon with fleeting fancies and raging reveries, while before our eyes flit thick and fast in serried lines unbroken, like winged troopers, the yesteryears,—a noiseless Niagara of precious memories.

In selecting as my subject today "The Message of the Stars." I may not perhaps mention the message which the stars oft times bring to you, for I realize the fact that human thoughts and human tastes have ever been known to swing pendulum-like from extreme to extreme.

I realize that to him "who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a varied language."

To Longfellow the poet of sunshine and pathos, the stars brought a message of infinite beauty and perennial springtime when he said: "Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

To the weird minded Poe, they brought a message and a memory of his beautiful wife when he said:

"The moon never beams
Without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise
But I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

To Coleridge they semed as white plumed knights or silent sentinels guarding the golden frontiers of stellar space, when he said: "The stars hang bright above, silent, as if they watched the sleeping earth."

But the pens of history's poets heve never expressed a message more memorable than that which was carried to the wise men of the East in the days of Herod the king, when the star that hung over Bethlehem told of a world redeemed, told of the birth of a king.

Carlysle in speaking of the stars, said that "no obstruction lies between them and infinity," and while the human mind continually seeks to know their myriad secrets, yet they have their mysteries which only the infinite can fathom.

But it is the privilege of every man, as often as the stars peep out in glory, to allow the unfettered imagination to steal out like the mystic Arab into that wilderness of wandering worlds, and walk that broad and ample road whose dust is gold and pavement stars.

I have selected as my subject today an object of nature as a medium through which to bear you a message, because I recognize that nature is an object whose friends are numberless and for which admiration is universal.

And so I trust that today I address those included among the hosts mentioned in Hiawatha when the poet said:

"Ye who love the haunts of nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches."

There is a peculiar yet unspeakable fascination in the shifting scenes of the deepening twilight; there is a wild yet incomparable bewitchery when the sable goddess night silently gathers her robes about her and asumes dominion over the shadow haunted earth.

There is no scenery which can compare in immaculate beauty with standing as the day dies out of the sky, and watching the streamlets of sunshine until they are lost in the ocean of night, and the myriad stars peep out in reluctant modesty yet kingly majesty over heaven's celestial concave.

I love to stand upon the frontiers of this continent of beauty, when Mercury the Nimrod of the evening's chase for glory hangs his crimson pennant over the purple hills as undisputed sovereign of the conquering twilight.

I love to see bright Venus follow in his shining footsteps, "as out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar."

I love to watch the Pleiades, the old guard of the passing night rise like an army of Titans until they scale and carry the gleaming heights of heaven.

And at twilight's dusk and dewy bloom, I love to watch the wan-eyed Vega, fair sorceress of the night, rise out of "the beautiful isles of somewhere," in her crimson car of kindling flame and hail the smiling gods upon the hills. I love to watch her ride and race her golden hours on rainbow arcs of rosy maze, until she sinks in dreamless slumber in a silver summer dawn.

I love to watch old Mars "that ruddy planet floating in opal seas where silence sleeps," and shining with the same imperial grandeur and lonely luster as when the Chaldean shepherds watched their flocks by night and called the constellations by their names; and I often wonder if the people of that planet like we are made in the image of God, and if "its ruddy glow is not perhaps the blush of flowers from an Eden untouched by sin," and where the forbidden fruit still hangs in its pristine purity.

Oh what a universe of pinioned thought is mirrored in the majesty of the myriad stars the "bright emblazonry of God," as they glide from sunless crypts unsealed, and brood and burn like golden gondolas in heaven's bright lagoon, in her sapphire arc of night, in her azure urn of glory.

And so we can gather a thousand messages as the stars with their circling systems walk like wizards the halls of limitless space in the heyday of night's Olympian grandeur until the faint bells of the milky way tinkle curfew and the glory of their riches is absorbed by the Shylock of the morning.

But there are other skies than those which bend above us; there are other stars than those which deck those skies.

There is an intellectual universe studded with intellectual stars the luster of whose lights is seen all down the pathway of the marching centuries.

As an outline of what I shall discuss today, I want to contrast and compare the characters and works of two intellectual stars, each from the universe of poetry, of oratory, of statesmanship, and of military genius.

In surveying the realm of poetry, it seems to me that it is a field where genius has always lingered, that its constellations of stars are written in every nation's history either inciting its achievements or telling the story of its conquests.

Throughout the history of the world, poetry has been an archangel of prowess and power. It is a universe the magic of whose stars has made all men astronomers.

It melts alike the heart of the prince in his palace, and furnishes laughter and song to the humble peasant in his cottage.

It has made a thousand Romeos since Shakespeare wrote, and builded a thousand Edens since the blind bard Milton sung; ages of boasted chivalry have come and gone since Tennyson told of Arthur and his gallant knights of the Round Table; and daily we read and see a thousand hells on earth as real as that of which old Dante dreamed.

And I regret the fact today that in the time which I shall speak to you, I can not more thoroughly survey this field of intellectual thought.

I would like to stand with Scott on the banks of Lake Katrine and view with Snowdown's Knight Fitz-James the beauty of the Lady of the Lake. I would like to walk through the embattled portals of Newark's stately tower and listen to the entrancing melodies of the "Lay of the last Minstrel." I would like to wander with Longfellow back to Acadian meadows "where the forest still stands primeval," and there under the murmuring pines and hemlocks, listen to Evangeline's story.

I would like to stand with Tennyson upon the strands of England's sea-shore and watch young Phillip Ray and Enoch Arden in the dawn of rosy childhood build their castles of dissolving sands and tell their love to Annie Lee.

I would like to sit with Goldsmith under the hawthorn shades of the Deserted Village,

> "Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
> And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed."

I would like to turn the telescope of a devotional admiration upon the works of Browning and Burns and Byron and Shelley and other illustrious poets whose names will always live in song and story and never be forgotten. But I shall only discuss the two most brilliant stars of poetic genius, Homer the father of epic song, and Shakespeare the Titan of modern poetry.

Very little is known of the lives of these two poets, but their works have made their names immortal. Homer lives through his Illiad and his Odyssey, Shakespeare through his poems and plays which are familiarly known and too numerous to mention.

Homer's characters were unreal, magnified, and imaginative, while the characters of Shakespeare were the embodiment of nature itself.

Colonel Mure says of Homer that "in the deeper vein of tragic pathos, Homer may be equalled if not surpassed by Shakespeare, in moral dignity of thought and expression by Milton, and in the gloomy grandeur of his supernatural imagery by Dante, but no one of these poets has combined in a similar degree those various elements of excellence in each of which they may separately claim to compete with him."

While Ingersol has well portrayed the genius of Shakespeare when he said that "he exceeded all the sons of men in the splendor of his imagination," and that "his mind was a boundless ocean whose waves touched every shore of human thought."

But it seems to me that the intellect of Homer drifted into a channel of misguided genius when it found its greatest expression in the bloody tide of battle. Who could tell the effects on history's pages had the message of his song been that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war?" Who can count the battles fought or the needless blood that was shed because he praised the chivalry and knight-errantry of

Trojan valor or sung of Hector and Achilles far on the ringing plains of windy Troy?

And while today I must confess to some extent I am a hero worshiper, when the issues of the struggle are founded upon a basis of right, yet I can see no special virtue in the prowess of might alone.

There was a time in the history of the world, back in the Don Quixote days, "when knighthood was in flower" when the strong arm of a nation's army was the measure of a nation's greatness. There was a time when neither right nor principle were elements in the causes of war nor diplomacy a feature of its consummation. We turn the pages of history and see the invincible Alexander leading the dauntless troops of Macedonia against the hosts of Darius. We see the indomitable Cyrus subverting the mighty monarch of Babylon and building a colossal empire from the Indus to the Nile. We watch imperial Caesar as he leads his veteran legions into Gaul or plants them at the feet of the Pharoahs. And then in turn we see the towering temples and stately statuary of imperial Rome ruthlessly crushed by barbarian Vandal and Goth. And we ask what means all this?

What were the basic rights for which those wars were waged; whence comes the guiding voice at last to speak those rights? But from the silent cycles of the sleeping centuries there comes no answer. But I am glad today we live in a different age; an age when enlightened opinion and civilized nations demand a just

cause before resorting to war; an age which finds more glory in a victory of Portsmouth than in a victory of Port Arthur; an age which places intellect and diplomacy on a plane above mere power.

It is apparently an unseen, tragic circumstance that prior to the age great Homer loosed his soul in epic song, the purple testament of time had assigned but little reason for the unhooded horrors of war. Far better had he conceived and told the wreck and ruin of this colossal murderer, this Titan from the darkness of the past. Better had he portrayed the hideous form of this grim specter, conceived in passion and born in the morning of antiquity. For war can boast a lineage which dates from the age of caves and stones, a conception on fields of carnage, a comradeship with camps of death. It holds a history whose every page is written in the ghastly gore of countless crimes and in the red blood of murdered innocence.

In the lurid glare of its raging fires, the maelstrom of its melting pot, are lost the regard for virtue and the respect for innocence and old age.

And whether fought for pelf or power, for greed or invisible purpose, it is and will ever remain a relic of barbarism, a murderer of man, and a reproach of God.

The nameless verities in nature's laws, the eternal messages of the stars present a marked antithesis, a signal contrast to man's resort to relentless war.

Since the bloom and glow of ancient Eden's utmost hour, life unfettered and full spent has been great nature's theme, the divine plan.

Like budding hopes, like a beautiful adventure, life springs to the call of the waking dawn. It finds its fullest measure " in the blatant splendor of torrid noon." And when night comes down like the pity of God, it sinks to death or dreamless slumber in the arms of twilight, to the lullaby of love.

Forever coursing like kindred spirits, "in a firmament fretted with gold and fire," the stars through endless cycles repeat the story of the day.

And so I breathe one anxious hope, one ardent, earnest prayer:

> "Oh, give me my utmost hour and let me die!
> Even as the golden bees in the azure sky,
> Even as the rainbow melting in one long sigh,
> Even as the passionate star that dims with dawn,
> Even as the rose that swoons on the languid breeze,
>
> Even as the sunbeam, paling wan,
> God, let me be as these!

Sherman expressed the blunt but accepted attitude of civilized states, the universal view of the nations, when he said that "war is hell." Its ruthless sway reflects a condition so repulsive that I trust our future armies will marshal under a banner of peace.

I know nothing Ladies and Gentlemen, of the realities of war more than I can gather from the pages of history, but I had the privilege not long ago of visiting a reunion of the proud remnant of the Old Guard

of the South, and as I thought of the history written in their withered forms and wrinkled faces, of their comrades who slept "in the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," as I looked upon those lillied cheeks where once the proud rose of manhood bloomed, and watched those white headed memories of a civilization that died long, long ago, I said God grant that I may live to see a time in the history of the world,

> When the war drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flags are furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world."

I believe we have reached an age in the history of the world when the siren songed poets of the future will weave their garlands of glory in singing the anthems of peace. Whether the inspiration comes from Ararat which received the dove with its olive branch, from Sinai, or from Calvary's cross, I believe the immortelles of our future poets will be found in the minstrelsy of peace.

I believe earth's future battles will be fought upon the forum and not upon the blood stained field of battle. That the muffled drum-beat and the bugle's clarion call in a few more years will summons the knighted warriors of the future from the tented field forever to gather in senate halls and diplomacy will be crowned imperial monarch.

In the interesting city of ancient Rome, "the mother of dead empires, the Niobe of the nations," be-

neath the towering dome of a great cathedral, there hangs in fadeless beauty an immortal painting from the hand of the divine Raphael.

It shows the war-like Mars with drawn and uplifted sword ready to strike the fatal blow, which is arrested from behind through the gentle touch of an angel's hand.

Would that our diplomats and our statesmen could catch the inspiration of that scene and keep our land of liberty and legend forever a land of freedom and friendship.

If you ask me today for my theory for the abolition of war, I answer that we must take our cue from nature's court, from the bright lexicon of sea and sky. We must emulate the individual rights in nature's realm, the democracy of her universe, "walled by the wide air and lit by the eternal stars."

We must teach the nations the virtues of constitutional government, that all men are created equal, and that the ideal form for governmental rule prevails where freedom calls with a monarch's voice and liberty walks with unfettered feet.

But the works of Shakespeare, nature's poet, are replete with the lessons of life. We learn the lessons of adversity from the life of Rosalind, and see the charms of woman's devotion in the beautiful Desdemona. We feel the hand of retribution fall on Brutus at the fatal field of Phillippi, and scorn the narrow greed of Shylock when Jessica stole his gold. We see

the moral weakness of McBeth lost in the apathy of joyless crime, and in the Tempest learn the lesson of forgiveness from the pardoning Prospero.

Through the undimmed vision of his matchless genius, the priceless products of his great mind, Shakespeare looms in the world of letters as a colossal intellectual prodigal, as the greatest mental prodigy of all time.

Under the magic spell of his tremendous powers, the miracle of his mighty pen, he saw the virgin splendor of ancient Greece, with her wealth of column and cornice, of shafted oriel and of broken arch.

He found anew an open path to imperial Rome's immortal glory. And dreaming beneath the beauty of Verona's balconies by the Adige's crescent flow, he saw the slanting, white-plumed sails of Roman galleys on the main, and heard the tread of Caesar's legions in the field.

He heard the silver notes, the somber call of San Antonio's deathless chimes, the melody of great Memnon's morning song when granite lips were wakened by the dawn.

Shakespeare always was a great lover of nature, and his noble heart ran roses as he gazed on her cliffs and crags and rivers and clouds. The wine of his soul grew purple as he walked the sylvan shades of her forest aisles, and her saffron fields of sunset gold.

In the reaches of comedy and the realm of tragedy, he was a winged-god of thought, an archangel of intellect.

But I think we love him best in his scenes of sentiment and his dreams of love, when the night birds sing to the beckoning stars and moonbeams mate on banks of violets; that the flame of his soul beams brightest when the bashful Benedict of Padua breathes his affection for the beautiful Beatrice, when raving Romeo dreams of the "white wonder of fair Juliet's hand", or when lonely Dido "stands on the wild sea banks and wafts her love to come again to Carthage."

In Shakespeare's active life, a host of friends would gather about him to listen to his words of wit and humor, and throughout the pages of his voluminous works his humor shines like winter's sunbeams.

Charles Lamb in speaking of the home of his humble birthplace says "it is penciled o'er with the names of the rich and the poor, that royalty has been proud to pay this simple tribute to exalted intellect and genius has paused in its triumphs to inscribe those hallowed walls with brief sentences which record its love for the wonderful man."

To Lucian Bonaparte the following lines are ascribed:

"The eye of genius glistens to admire,
How memory hails the sound of Shakespeare's lyre;

Let princes o'er their subject kingdoms rule,
'Tis Shakespeare's province to command the soul."

The significance of Shakespeare's successful life lies in the fact that he excelled in every phase of dra-

matic thought and every form of human feeling. For he was indeed the Milton of imagery, the Dante of tragedy, the Poe of pathos, and the Mozart of melody.

In the splendor of his far-reaching thought, the luster of his imagination, he left the common things of earth to walk the "serene and shining pathway of the stars."

He had the gift of prophecy which fulfils itself; he was the "intellectual autocrat" of the ages.

He was at home with prince or peasant, with meadow blooms or mountain snow, in marble palaces or rose-hedged paths which labor wrought with love. He was a friend of wind and wave, of frost and flame, a comrade of sea and shimmering star.

He was a part of the infinite.

In Shakespeare's early life, the shaft of falsehood failed to pierce the shield of his good name, as alike in later years fell in futile floods upon his shoulders the Scylla of flattery and the Charybdis of cricitism.

He met the inevitable with the unerring philosophy: "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," for well he knew that in every pathway of human experience, the serpents of hate must writhe and hiss.

Shakespeare's untimely and premature death was an irreparable loss to the world of letters, for his life marked the high tide of earth's literary glory.

We ask today in the language of the versatile Washington Irving: "What fruit might not have been

expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor?''

But aside from the numerous lessons which we might gather from his works, it is a delightful message to contemplate to see this wonderful man in the vigor of age, retiring from the scenes of his well earned triumphs to the exclusion of his native town, and to the companionship of his friends. A man who was philosophic enough, when equipped with plenty for life, not to build a fane to wealth and fame, but to gather the golden sheaves of friendship which ripen in the sunshine of laughter and are locked in the arms of love.

Let us pass for a moment to the field of oratory, perhaps the most transcendent phase of all the myriad forms which genius takes.

Let us consider that mighty, mystic, magic power which echoes like mellow music from the somber halls of the past. That power that ''floats like the fragrance of faded roses from the dust of colossal empires and classic republics that flourished long ago.'' That power whose chivalrous litany is written in the blood of heroes spilt and in the dust of shattered crowns. That power which follows and fondles liberty like a goddess of love and is welcomed warm at freedoms' shrine like the siren song of Sappho.

I would tell today the story of two great national

characters. Heroes not in war, but in peace; names not bright in the flame of cannon, nor glorious in the din of conflict, but in the power of pen, the sublimity of speech.

It would be the story of a parallel in personal charm, in gentlemanly grace, in genius of tongue and in love and loyalty to the republic, but in their moral natures and religious views, it would be a contrast as dark and deep as could be woven in the loom of life and human history.

I would tell today the story of two American orators, Ingersol of Puritan stock and Grady the Cavalier.

Robert G. Ingersol, plumed prince of the platform, was born of Northern parentage and "like a tropical plant by the monarch stream" grew into brilliant, luxuriant life.

Henry W. Grady was the gifted scion of Southern ancestors, a talented and typical child of the Southland, a plant that grew to glory in the wealth of Southern sunshine and the gorgeous glow of Georgia skies.

But the life of Ingersol was "like a lawless, erratic meteor, brilliant only in its self consuming fire and lost at last in rayless night."

We see the brilliancy of his genius and his cold and barren philosophy beautifully expressed in his eulogy at his brother's grave when he said: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our

wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing."

No words can fathom the possibilities of his misguided talent, America's most brilliant orator perhaps, yet the demigod of modern infidelity.

One great orator has said that "he could paint picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home; that he could enthrone love and preach the gospel of humanity like an angel, and then dip his brush in ink and blot out the beautiful picture he had painted."

It is remarkably strange that Robert G. Ingersol endowed by nature with a brilliant brain and a golden tongue should have found his greatest pleasure in advancing his agnostic ideas and questioning the existence of a God.

The mystery of death and the life hereafter was that which led the troubled patriarchs of old to ask that question unanswered through all the ages: "If a man die, shall he live again?" We have asked that question of everything and of everybody. We have asked it of the forest isles "where contentment sings among the hills"; we have asked it of the limpid lake as it dimpled under the dim stars; we have asked it of the melancholy night when moonbeams rest upon meadow and stream and wood; we have asked it of the night's dark tempest when fierce lightnings leaped as

they touched harp strings of heaven in the thunder's home, "If a man die, shall he live again"?

Our great poet Lord Byron has sung: "The eternal surge of tide and time rolls on and bears afar our bubbles. How little do we know that which we are, how less what we may be." Doctor Johnson when asked to voice his views of a future life said: "I must leave the matter in obscurity."

It is only, my friends, when we move grief stricken to the side of the pallid dead,

"In that desert shadowland of tears,
Girt by the dark wild wilderness of fears,"

and stand transfixed and stunned by the ruthless blow, do we seek surcease from sorrow in a solution of the soul's immortality.

It is then, that from anxious eyes and quivering lips our whispered prayers ascend:

"Comes there back no voice beyond us
Where the trackless sunbeams call,
Comes there back no wraith of music
Melting through the crystal wall,
Comes there back no bird to lisp us
Of the great forevermore,
With a leaf of life unwithered
Plucked upon the farther shore"?

Pained and appalled at the open grave, its scep ter of grief, its empire of gloom, seeking the consoling assurance of divinity's presence, 'tis then we feel and know that "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

And yet the eloquent Ingersol oftimes asserted that the Christian religion was based on fear, and that death was the inexorable mandate of fate.

In this connection he said that "courage is liberty; that fear is the dungeon of the mind and superstition the dagger with which hypocricy assassinates the soul."

But to the gloomy philosophy of Ingersol the infidel, comes the triumphant answer in the words of the holy writ, ringing down through all the ages: "If a man die, yet shall he live."

I believe the dead do live again. That beyond the echoless strands of that silent river, "where sunset stars are sunk in night," there is a land of eternal rest. That it is a land where limpid rivers loiter like lovers and "white wings never grow weary," that it is a "realm where the rainbow never fades".

"A silent murmur in the soul
Tells of a world to be,
As travellers hear the billows roll,
Before they reach the sea."

We are given the maker's sequel to the mystic sting of death in the sacred pages of that blessed book: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Throughout the centuries of human growth, death has been a nightmare to the heart of man, "a king of terrors crowned with fear and panoplied with grief."

Death is a sovereign whom all salute as they enter

the lonely pilgrimage, the inevitable hour of dissolution.

Death—untiring, implacable, and relentless! Oh, what a world of terror gathers at thy chilly touch and the creep of thy unholy hands! For,

> "The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
> And all we know, or dream, or fear,
> Of agony are thine."

Yet it would be a lamentable fact indeed if out of death we could not harvest the seed which burst, and bloom, and burgeon, and bend with golden fruit of a more abundant life.

I saw the manly form of stalwart youth bend above his blushing bride, and out of his kiss of dew and flame, it seemed the angels came and heaven bloomed anew. And then at midnight's noon the scene had shifted, and I saw the fond and fruitless gaze of love on death. I heard his plaintive call to pallid lips, motionless and mute through time unto eternity. Engulfed in grief, I heard his piteous cry:

> 'How can I wait, O love, how can I wait,
> Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine
> Upon my world that seems so desolate,
> Until your handclasp warms my blood like wine,
> Until you come again, O love of mine,
> How can I wait?"

And as I watched this evidence of the immortality of love I said, "I know that my redeemer liveth."

Our ever recurring contact with the reaper death reminds us that his melancholy dirge and ringing requiem has resounded through all the ages, "like the

windharp's wild and touching wail." But with those who place their faith in the teachings of the lowly Nazarene, the hour of dissolution has lost its terror and death its sting. With them it is but a brief and painless period of the soul's transition, a ladder which mounts to the gates of light and to "the land of joy and song."

It is the dew and sheen and cloudless sunrise of endless morning. It is the spreading dawn. And so the voice of the Christian's faith proclaims there is no death.

As we contemplate today the enigma of death, and the unsolved mystery of immortality, we are confronted by another unsolved problem, the question—"what is life"?

It is a question which ever recurs whether we look on the face of the dimpled babe, or into eyes that are dimmed by memories—"what is life?"

"What is life? The minstrel plays it
On a reed of sweetest strain;
'Life is song that wakes to music,
Joy or grief or depths of pain.
Nature trills it in her bird calls,
Croons it in her tuneful rain.'

What is life? The mystic sees it
In his crystal: 'Life is fate
Lurking just around the corner,
Coming early, coming late.
Laws are fixed, and fate is changeless,
Watch the stars, and dream, and wait.'

What is life? The man who lived it
Gives his answer and he saith:
'Life is love, a hand that beckons
Through the dusk, a long drawn breath,
And a kiss whose warmth we carry
Lingering with us unto death'."

Why, the existence of a God is unquestionably expressed in the exalted and ennobling traits of character and the saintly and holy attributes of soul. It is mirrored in the faith and the smiles of friendship and in the devotion and sacrifice of love. It is reflected in the never silent voice of conscience. It is written in the sign of the cross.

"Here on the paths of every day
Here on the common human way
Is all the busy Gods would take
To build a heaven, to mould and make
New Edens, ours the stuff sublime,
To build eternity in time."

No theory of life or death or immortality is worthy of consideration which eliminates from its origin the hand of a living and everlasting God.

For only a God could build the rugged mountains, and rolling rivers, the silent steppes and livid plains. Only a God could mould and make the dimpled rosary of baby fingers, the amorous drapery of woman's beauty. Only a God could kiss with summer sungleams a dream of glory from a rose. Only a God could swing with threads of silver a crescent moon from a crystal sky—only a God.

The Christian's God is the only God that has withstood the agnostic's wail and "the lichen-fingered touch of time." The pagan Gods and sacred fanes of the ancients are long since lost in desert sands. The glowing eyes of fair faced Venus are forever dimmed and dead in stone. The harp of the rustic Pan which

charmed the mountain nymphs and the goddess of night is stilled in deathless melody. Mighty Olympus, the home of the Muses and the blissful abode of the Gods, is but a drifting myth and legend of the past. But the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will live forever.

And so it matters not that our journeys lengthen, that the way is long and lonely, and the night is starless, there comes to us the soft and sweet assurance of a "still small voice" that,

> "Behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow,
> Keeping watch above his own."

But the crypts of history and the halls of fame have no place for him with whom all must end "in the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust," and "all that lies beyond the grave is a voiceless shore and a starless sky." With whom there were "no prints of deathless feet on its echoless sands, no thrill of immortal music in its joyless air."

The South has contributed her full quota of eminent orators to American history in such men as Lucius Q. C. Lamar, Robert Toombs, John Calhoun, and Henry Clay, yet no name is more universally loved than that of Henry W. Grady.

The fame of Grady's brief career will rest upon the radiant flights and wondrous reach of his unequalled eloquence; and he will be remembered as an heir and worthy product of Southern culture, and shining son of Southern chivalry.

A Georgian by birth, a loyal Southerner through the legacy of a sectional belief, he was preeminently an American through a people's fervent and effectionate adoption.

And when untimely death had stayed the music and stilled the melody of his matchless tongue, both North and South alike laid loving tribute on his grave, because his life was given in attentive toil to telling the "sunlit story" of a reunited people.

His early and unexpected death while yet absorbed in the sacred mission of reuniting the embittered sections was a Southern loss and a national calamity unequalled since the lamented death of the martyred Lincoln.

The high esteem and holy regard with which his mission in life, his gifted talents, and golden tongue were held is best expressed in the pleasing phrases of his friends and the glowing terms of his contemporaries.

Henry Eagle said that "Grady was the melodious song harp of blossoming spring, breathing its cadence on banks of flowers and whispering streamlets, singing the earth its sweetest song."

Henry Watterson speaking to a New England audience said: "He is gone now. But short as his life was, its heaven born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good will to men."

John Temple Graves in his beautiful eulogy at Grady's grave said: "I agree with Patrick Collins that he was the most brilliant son of this Republic. No eloquence has equalled his since Sargent Prentiss faded from the earth. No pen has ploughed such noble furrow in his country's fallow fields since the wrist of Horace Greely rested. Nothing in the history of human speech can equal the stately steppings of his eloquence into glory."

Chauncey M. Depew remarked when informed of his death: "We forget all differences of opinion and remember only his chivalry, patriotism and genius. He was the leader of the New South and died in the great work of impressing its marvellous growth and national inspirations upon the willing ears of the North."

How oft with rapt and eager interest, have I reviewed that period of American history, clothed in the choice and lofty language as it came from his laconic lips, and as I read I seem to see a sumptuous, sunbathed vision of the Old South's golden glory. It was a dream of elegance and culture and comfort and wealth which surpassed in gilded splendor the flights of fancy and the reaches of fable.

With the magic wand of his magnetic eloquence, he lifted the curtain of the vanished years, and I saw the hospitable home of high-born chivalry, the lovely realm of a lordly race.

Soothed and subdued by the spirit of his words,

I saw the immaculate beauty, the columned grandeur, the unstained white of a stately mansion.

I saw a typical, representative Southern family living in feudal luxury—the polished father, the matronly mother, the sturdy sons, and a winsome daughter beautiful as the blue-eyed blonde of Troy.

Spreading in olden, antebellum splendor, I saw great fields of gold and green, where rivers of corn and cane and cotton ran wanton to the dim horizon.

I saw the family groups of smiling slaves, content through kindly treatment, "happy in their cabin homes."

It was a Beulah Land of boundless beauty, of rural peace, and rustic glory, and silence, save for Bob White's piping call and the robin's roundelay.

Led on by the lure of his wondrous eloquence, I stood in Congress halls, and heard in heated debate the orators of a nation discuss the age-old, world-wide question of human slavery.

With caustic tongue, and brilliant repartee, their faces flushed with grim conviction, I heard them argue the Constitutional question of the right of a state to secede from the union. An ominous silence brooded above the din of debate, and I saw the brilliant Troup of Georgia throw down the gauntlet in the epic words: "The argument is ended and the South will stand by her guns."

Dazed and bewildered by the gathering gloom, I looked away to the Southland, and saw riding the ris-

ing tempest, the outstretched wings of the storm God.

I heard the pitiless call to conflict by the brazen banshee death. The stillness was turned to tumult at the sombre sound of Sumpter's guns. It was the tocsin of war. And then the tempest broke in untold fury.

In a vision relumed through words tipped with flame. I saw those same green fields, trampled with the tread of marching armies, and crimson with the blood of carnage.

I saw those same brave sturdy sons, who enlisted under the banner of the stars and bars, wrapped in its folds, and covered with flowers.

I heard the sound of a silver bugle, the solemn requiem for the martial dead.

With no associate but sorrow, no shelter but a canopy of grief and gloom, I saw a Southern woman, the mother of the Southern Gracchi, meet grim famine with a faith and fortitude unequalled in human history.

I saw the charge, the clash, the surge, the crimson skies of a hundred battle fields, till out of the hands of the Old South, her ashes fell from an empty urn.

It was a cross of death, a night of doom unequalled since Calvary's agonies.

It was the most ghastly cataclysm since the Deluge, the most horrible holocaust in all the ages of God.

And then at Appomattox, as if by Ariel's wand, the tempest stilled, the storm clouds lifted, and I saw the dawn.

I call it the dawn, my friends, for it was there that the Southern soldier accepted the arbitrament of the sword, and from Northern pine to Southern palm swore allegiance again to the old flag, to which he has since remained as loyal and constant and true "as Sirius to its season."

A volume of wealth and prosperity trailed in the wake of the years that followed.

Then I saw the wisdom and culture and knight hood of the North seated about the banquet board in the glitter and gleam of goblet and chandelier.

An unknown Southern journalist arose to respond to the toast "The New South." He was an apostle of sunshine, a ward of chivalry, a prince of peace, and a son of song. That man was Henry W. Grady.

The occasion was fraught with a grave responsibility, for he was the first Southerner to speak at that board since the close of the Civil War.

Cautiously and with characteristic courtesy he implored his distinguished host that they lay aside sectional prejudice and bring their "full faith in American fairness to judgment" on what he should say.

He contended that the American citizen had supplanted the citizens of the sections, "that both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution."

He said that Abraham Lincoln was the first typical American; that "he was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues

of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost."

He said "that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government" and that "his life was consecrated from the cradle to the cause of human liberty. Speaking to the toast with which he had been honored, he said "I accept the term 'The New South' as in no sense disparaging to the Old," for dear to me is the home and traditions of my people and "I would not if I could dim the glory they won in peace and war."

He attributed to divinity the termination of the war when speaking of the New South he said: "As she stands upright, full-statured, and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purposes were crossed and her brave armies were beaten."

He told in glowing terms of the return of the North's victorious armies, "reading their glory in a nation's eyes." And then in matchless pathos, he referred to that other army, "heroes in gray with hearts of gold" who returned in "defeat and not in victory but to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home."

He concluded by saying that he believd an omniscient God in that great war "held in his hands the balance of battle" and that he was glad "that human

slavery was swept forever from American soil and the union saved from the wreck of war."

As he took his seat in the growing tumult, I saw that solemn throng forget formalities, and rise and wave and weep and cheer until forgiveness dawned like day-break on each face.

And I said that brief as was his career, I had rather have been the brilliant Grady, glowing in the plaudits of that hour, with his faith in God and his mission fulfilled, than to have passed life's allotted span as the eloquent Ingersol, eternally seeking to embitter the sections and who died blaspheming his God.

Divinely appointed, he had accomplished his mission, as great in purpose as it was novel in plan, that of literally "loving a nation into peace."

As Victor Hugo said of Voltaire, "he was more than a man, he was an epoch: He had done his work; he had fulfilled his mission." He had risen unknown to respond to a toast, but he had taken his seat under a halo of immortality.

His pen was his sword, justice his shield, truth his banner, and God his priest, and though he fought not on the fields of battle, he conquered. Let us therefore salute his memory.

It is true that "his sun went down at noon," but we believe like that of Ben Hill's, it sank in deathless glory "amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn."

I do not know that in the oratory of Ingersol and Grady sectionalism affected their respective careers, but I do believe that as long as the Southern blossom differs from the Northern snow-flake, as long as the sun shines on the South more kindly than it does on the North, just so long will the orators of the South lead in the philosophy of life and in the expression of bouyant hope and noble sentiment.

Turning our attention next to statesmanship, I think it befitting indeed that we should perpetuate in marble and song and story the name of Washington, the father of our country, who stood so high in public life.

It would be futile before an audience like this to review that period of American history so filled with deeds of knightly genius and peerless chivalry. It would be futile to tell again the well known story of that strife, whose history is equally as sacred to us as the air that lingers today around the tombs of Lee and Lincoln and Garfield.

I need not again review the well known life of that man, the accomplished dream of whose career placed in heaven "that colossal dome whose splendors are shadowed in the broad river that flows by the shrine at Mount Vernon."

The fabric of American loyalty is not so frail as to forget so soon the name of Washington the pioneer statesman and patriot and leader of that loyal band as brave in battle as William the Conqueror or Phillip

the Fair, and as chivalric in death as the martyred Spartans of Thermopylae.

Of all the mighty dead, whose names are found on Fame's immortal scroll, whose benefactions have smoothed the pathway and lit the course of humankind, no name grows brighter with the receding years than the glorious name of Washington.

In the full and ample record which history keeps, the span of his great life shall always symbolize an epoch in the growth of human liberty, and the sound of his great name shall ennoble duty and sprinkle patriots all down the pathway of the marching centuries.

Combining in the intricate structure of his character, the statesmanship of a Gladstone, the common sense of a Cleveland, the magnanimity of a Grant, and the military genius of a Lee, he spent more time in the public service and contributed more to the common weal than any other man in American history.

Adopting the language of Roscoe Conkling, "his fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done."

One of the most consoling thoughts and inspiring messages of his career, great as it was as a warrior, greater still as a statesman, is the time attested fact that through his exalted traits of character he was universally trusted and universally loved.

John W. Daniel said of him in his beautiful tribute: "No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes

and repeat virtue by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions, the history of his age and its progress, the history of man and his destiny to be free."

Geoerge William Curtis said of him that "like the flaming sword turning every way that guarded the gate of Paradise, Washington's example is the beacon shining at the opening of our annals and lighting the path of our national life."

He was characterized by Edward Everett as "the greatest of good men and the best of great men," while Brougham said of him that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age."

But perhaps the most glowing tribute to his character yet paid him was by his contemporary Henry Lee, who said in his eulogy of Washington that "to his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues."

No name in all the annals of English literature has received such wealth of flattering phrase or warmth of heart felt eulogy; for truly his transcendent genius was as rare and resplendent in its chosen sphere as that of Raphael in the field of art, or of Mendelssohn in the realm of melody.

In the simple settings of his career—the proffered school of unsought circumstance, the physical strength, the stalwart form, the manly figure, that fitted Washington from youth for duties yet to come and for a glorious destiny, I think I see the subtle hand of God.

I think I see God's kind and smiling face, as he took this strong but untaught lad in hand and led him, fearless and unafraid, into the silent depths of the savage home and into the untrod wilderness.

While yet a youth of sixteen years, he enters his trail to destiny, which now we trace in quivering campfires along the valley of the Shenandoah, and across the crags of the Blue Ridge Mountains, surveying the ultra-montane acres of the vast Fairfax estate.

Meeting and mingling with savage tribes on their native heath, gathering from rugged experience the rudiments of self reliance, receiving his discipline in the exacting school of grim endurance, it was but a step to the leadership of Dinwiddie's expedition against the French.

His support and his saving from savage destruction of Braddock's ill-fated army added new laurels to his achievements, new confidence to his ability, and new experience to the formative period of his military career.

And so when tyranny had taken her toll, and the inevitable conflict came, George Washington was prepared by an extended experience to assume the leadership of the Colonial armies.

Of all the wars that flood and fill the leaves of history's crimson pages, none have been fought through such periods of gloom and none have been won with such paeans of victory.

Measured by its far-reaching effects, it was the most momentous conflict in all the "tide of time;" it was the mighty loin from which the priceless life of liberty sprang; it was the colossal struggle that struck the shackles from the bleeding feet of freedom.

Every American citizen who loves his flag thrills with gratitude to the Colonial Fathers as he reads the beautiful words of Emerson dedicated to the farmers of Concord:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

No army was ever marshaled upon a battlefield charged with the solemn duty of fighting for such sacred truths as announced in the Declaration of Independence.

No banner was ever lifted into light in defense of holier principles.

We therefore do not wonder that Washington and his brave and valiant army successfully withstood the surge of winter's legions and the siege of famine at Valley Forge.

We find new glory in their gallant feat of crossing at night the ice packed Delaware and striking successfully the unsuspecting Hessian hordes.

Wendell Phillips said: "Liberty knows nothing but victories. Bunker Hill, soldiers call a defeat, but liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field."

Perhaps the most enduring message which we might gather from Washington's life is the fact, that relying on Providence, he doubled his efforts when the American cause seemed lost; that when his heart was filled with a grief as deep as that which stilled the heart of Niobe, he did not sit like Marius on the walls of Carthage and weep, but he turned his eyes to the sun-crowned summits of a brighter day.

But the work of Washington had only begun with the surrender of the foe at Yorktown.

It was his dream when the war had ended that he might retire with a people's approval to the walks of private life.

He wrote Lafayette his associate in arms: "Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, thus. my dear friend, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

But destiny had otherwise decreed, as Luzerne had written Vergennes: "It will be useless for him to try to hide himself and live the life of a private man."

Not only he, but the citizens of the several states, had seen the weakness of the Continental Congress and felt the urgent need of a more perfect union.

That this be accomplished had been advocated by him as he disbanded his Colonial army .

Later by letter as a private citizen he implored the several states, that sacrifices be made, that local interests be laid aside, that the debts of the war be paid, and that steps be undertaken at once for the formation of a strong central government.

In that critical hour of our national history, his advice could not pass unheeded for he then had secured the confidence of the people, unequalled in history since the days of William the Silent.

The Constitutional Convention was called and held and logically he was chosen to preside over its deliberations.

The instrument which was drafted by that convention has been described by one of England's most gifted statesmen as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

James Russel Lowell said that "oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian muse and forgets her errand," so Washington, those labors ended, was not then permitted to retire.

A record of American statesmanship could not be adequately and impartially written which did not describe the achievements of statecraft which he accomplished in his two terms as President.

Guided by the promptings of his unselfish soul, exhibiting the virtues of his democratic statesmanship, he declined to permit his name to be submitted as a Presidential candidate for a third term.

As he approached the end of his public career, he left a message of statesmanship in his farewell address: "Let there be no sectionalism, no North, South, East, or West. Beware of attacks, open or covert, upon the Constitution. Do not encourage party spirit. Promote education, avoid debt. As a nation have neither passionate hatreds nor passionate attachments."

He was our sword in war; he was our shield in peace. He left to his people a Constitutional Government, the richest legacy of all the dead.

One stone that entered his stately mounment erected at the national capital was taken from the Temple of Peace that stands by the Palace of the Caesars, and on it inscribed these words: "Rome to America." Beneath this my friends, shall the oppressed of earth through coming ages, write in letters of everlasting light and love the sacred and simple addendum: "And America to the cause of freedom."

It may be said of him as was said of the sage of Monticello, that through all his years of public service, "he never sold the truth to serve the hour."

As he retires to private life, we follow him to the hills of Mt. Vernon, robed in a nation's affections, crowned with a people's love, "the grandest crown that veneration ever lifted to the brow of glory."

Again installed in his ancient home, as a private citizen, he dreams of years of quiet and peaceful companionship with those whom he loved best.

Suddenly a severe cold strikes him; he falters; he falls; his journey is ended.

And then they laid him down to sleep in the loving arms of Old Virginia, on a step of those stately hills, by the brink of that beautiful river, which murmurs on in ceaseless melody to its home in the crystal sea.

But the annals of our national history contain the name of another president, Andrew Jackson, a parallel and a contrast, paradoxical as it may seem, to the name of the statesman just mentioned. He too won laurels as a military leader and for eight years faithfully served his people as President of the United States, but there was a decided contrast in the characters of the two men.

Washington was conservative in nature, Jackson was impulsive and erratic; Washington was aristocratic by birth, Jackson was plain and unassuming; Washington was politic and practical, Jackson was unchangeable in purpose, but each the embodiment of honesty and honor, mankind reads to day "their glory in a nation's eyes, their epitaph in a nation's love, their reward in a nation's peace."

It has been said that Charles Martel raised the cross above the battlefield of Tours and saved the continent of Europe from the curse of Mohammedanism.

Andrew Jackson, if possible, performed a greater service for America.

He accomplished through an established practice what Jefferson had conceived as an embryonic theory,

that all men are created equal and that governments should exist by the consent of the governed.

Always believing that a public office was a public trust, to him the merited confidence of a confiding constituency was more potent as a means of public promotion than the powerful Poseidon of political trickery.

In matters of national import, he sought to secure the views of the people as an essential prerequisite to decisive action; and the people's pulse and the public weal was the torch that illumined his path to duty.

He held the view and felt the same deepseated sympathy in the interests of the people as Abraham Lincoln who said he "believed God loved the common people because he had made so many of them."

Keeping through years of public service the people's welfare ever before him "as his cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night," we do not wonder at the tribute of Edgar Sanderson who said: "There was long a class of white-haired Americans, perhaps not all of them yet gathered to honored graves who believed that political virtue left the earth with shining wings when Andrew Jackson breathed his last."

The message of his success as a statesman is found in the fact that he was the Saint Paul of the Jeffersonian doctrine of government, and the reason for his success in politics was his conception of the truth so eloquently uttered by Grady that "if there is any human force that can not be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a

free community—against it numbers and corruption can not prevail."

Of his great career, Grover Cleveland aptly said: "Jackson has been in the people's eyes the incarnation of the things which Jefferson declared; if they did not understand all that Jefferson wrote, they saw and knew what Jackson did."

That he so long could hold the loyalty and the affectionate regard of the American people is attributable to the fact that he had in his blood the courage of his convictions.

Fear had no place in his great soul, and with undaunted fortitude he met the issues as they came, never exchanging his golden armor for the mail of Diomedes.

No statesman in American history has started his career from such humble station and successfully scaled such cliffs of care, such crags of toil and sacrifice, and reached such sunlit fields of fame.

No statesman in the list of our national leaders whose names are eternally linked with the growth of our great Republic possessed a more remarkable personality or passed through a more spectacular career.

The history of his rapid rise to power, glowing with achievement and with deeds of valor, as he conquered the barriers that beset his way, reads like the story of a thrilling romance.

As we open the book of his life, we find him pass-

ing his boyhood days as an awkward, unkempt youth along the banks of the upper Catawba.

An illiterate orphan at the age of fourteen years, lacking the comforting assistance of kinsmen and the kindly encouragement of friends, he started life as a saddler's apprentice.

We see him while yet a lad, incurring a hatred for England which never died, because of being struck by a British officer for refusing to brush his boots.

At the age of twenty-one years, we see him daring as public prosecutor to enforce the laws in Tennessee Territory.

Swearing allegiance to the king of love, the only superior he ever acknowledged, we find him marrying beautiful Rachel Robards in the erroneous belief she had secured her divorce.

We see him filling the honored positions as member of Tennessee's Constitutional Convention, as Representative and Senator at the national capital, and as Judge of her highest court.

And when Florida had been purchased from Spain, from a field of able and experienced statesmen, he was selected to serve as first Governor.

With the bravery of the white plumed Henry of Navarre, we see him leading his fearless followers through the dust and deadly din of battle in the charge against the Creeks at Tohopeka.

Though overwhelmingly opposed by Pakenham's veterans, we see him in the Battle of New Orleans, un-

dertake and achieve a victory unequalled since th
memorable morn at Marathon .

Through the universal confidence which his cou
age commanded, his willingness to dare, and his abili
to achieve, through the glory that followed in the glea
of his sword, he reached the highest office within th
gift of the people.

One writer has said in discussing his charact
that "there were many sides of his character th
shone gloriously in the light of liberty," that "he wa
as true as he was terrible; he was as forceful as he wa
simple."

Charles Schurz said of him that "to his militar
heroship he owed the popularity which lifted him in
the Presidential chair; and he carried the spirit
the warrior into the business of the government. H
party was to him his army; those who opposed him th
enemy. He knew not how to argue but how to com
mand; not how to deliberate but how to act."

He exhibited his sagacious and far-sighted state
manship in demanding that Biddle's bank return a
deposits to the United States Treasury, and in pre
venting his securing a renewal of its charter.

He added great strength to the National Goverr
ment, and standing to the office which he so ably fille
in requiring South Carolina to recede from the pos
tion she had assumed in nullification legislation.

Without question, the secret of his success as
statesman is found in the fact that he dared where oth

ers deliberated, that he accomplished where others conceived.

His very nature seemed to attest the immortal truth so beautifully expressed by James Parton, who said: "To dare, to dare again, and always to dare is the inexorable condition of every signal and worthy success, from founding a cobbler's stall, to promulgating a nobler faith."

Perhaps the most unpleasant feature of his turbulent career, and without doubt to the readers of history the most pathetic, was the unwarranted and unnecessary calumny which was heaped by political enemies upon the name of his pure wife.

But it may be said to his eternal credit, that he possessed a devotion for Rachel which the assaults of slander could not destroy, and at no period in their lives did his affections falter, but even unto death his love for her was as beautiful, and tender, and true, as that of Idas for Marpessa.

Historians tell us that as he stood by the open grave of Rachel at the Hermitage, and looked for the last time on her still, pale face, he lifted his cane and said: "In the presence of this dear saint, I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy."

She is described in the epitaph on the humble stone that marks her resting place as "a being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound but could not dishonor."

This language reflected an admitted truth and contained a merited tribute, forever crystallized into enduring marble, for surely among the long and illustrious list of the noble women of America, no sunnier, sweeter, purer character ever graced a fireside or dried a tear.

I had the pleasure some years ago, of visiting the Hermitage, the old home of Andrew Jackson. In company with a crowd of Vanderbilt boys, we drove out in a tallyho across the green hills of Tennessee to the old home of the pioneer patriot and president.

It was a beautiful morning in May. The fragrant air was freighted with the perfume of blooming flowers and pulsing with bird song. I remember distinctly the impression of the beautiful scene when we arrived at the outer gate and drove up through a grove of giant cedars that stood like Druids of Eld to his old home, a white columned mansion of Colonial magnificence. We walked through a field to the little log cabin that sheltered Jackson in boyhood days and in which later in life he entertained Aaron Burr. Returning, we came to a flower garden which opened into the family cemetery, and stopping suddenly, my companion remarked: "Here is the grave of Andrew Jackson." Immediately, and unconsciously, I lifted my hat. I thought of Jackson the barefoot boy, playing soldier among the rugged hills and sand-dunes of South Carolina. I thought of Jackson the warrior, leading the rustic yeomanry of the South against the Seminoles

and Southeastern Spaniards. I thought of Jackson the generous host spreading with lavish hand the banquet board before his faithful friends, like Calypso at Ulysses' coming. I thought of Jackson the intrepid statesman, daring in Congress Halls "to shiver a lance in the lists of high debate," and guiding at last the helm of state as fearlessly as he had been brave in battle. Walking back to the home in which he died, I saw the old stage-coach in which he travelled from Nashville to Washington. I saw the stirrups and the spurs that he wore in the battle of New Orleans. I saw the battle flag that lay on the grave of Lafayette. I saw a silvered lock of the grim old hero's hair. But that which impressed me most and which seemed to give me a message of his life was a letter and its answer framed and hanging on the walls. It seems that in his last sickness, when the end was near, the citizens of the City of New York wrote him a letter in which they asked the privilege of burying his body in a magnificent sarcophagus of marble, and gilt, and gold. He wrote this simple message in reply: "I could not consent that my last resting place be a respository fit only for a potentate or a king." He said: "I was born among the common people who are the bone and the sinew of this republic, and when I die, I want to be borne by their hands to the open grave, and be laid to rest forever by the side of my faithful wife."

And now for a few moments, Ladies and Gentle-

men, I desire to discuss the careers of two stars of military fame, Napoleon Bonaparte the Corsican genius and the immortal Robert E. Lee.

It is a sad but unquestionable commentary that every national line and nation's history of to day is written in human blood.

Henry Watterson said that "Tragedy walks hand in hand with history and the eyes of glory are wet with tears."

In the morning of Hebraic history, the first recorded act after the fall of Eden is a murder.

Long before the birth of the son of Terah, mighty conquerors arose and founded kingdoms and military fame eclipsed all other glories.

Poets and artists from time immemorial have vied for immortelles in describing the heroes of war.

The history of France is melancholy in her sorrows and chastening struggles to enlarge the liberties of her people, and obtain the blessings of democratic rule.

Historians admit that the purposes and the impulses of the French Revolution were generous, that its struggles were heroic, and that its ideals were imperishable.

They admit that it had its birth in the intended abolition of feudal ideas, its object in the elimination of unequal privileges, and its end in the destruction of despotic government.

In the discussion of the career of Napoleon Bona-

parte, I would not be true to the records of history if I did not attribute to him a portion of the progress which was made in his day, in the ultimate attainment of these ideals.

The French Revolution with its attendant horrors was but an example in history of a blood-stained highway which liberty has always been forced to follow. Its natural and resultant Reign of Terror was the frantic appeal of outraged justice, the violent voice of universal distress.

The original and envenomed pen of Mirabeau had brought to the eyes of a restless people the ruthless tyranny of incompetent kings and the wrongs and accumulated burdens of the centuries.

With the treasury depleted, the army demoralized, and the people depressed by the curse of feudalism, the times were propitious for a change of government and favorable for a new birth of freedom.

A constitutional monarchy was the dream of Mirabeau, fashioned from the plan which England had adopted.

It was therefore unfortunate at this critical hour that the dream of liberty and the reign of law should be lost in ungovernable excesses of anarchy because of a weakling on the throne of France.

When Napoleon stood on the steps of St. Roque and dispersed the mobs in the streets of Paris, he rendered to France a service as immortal as his brilliant leadership at the seige of Toulon.

This service to France was invaluable and lasting for he had composed her Reign of Terror and redeemed the Directory from a disorderly rabble. In an hour of peril, he had saved the Republic and "had quenched the spark of rebellion with blood."

And so France, my friends, can never forget that it was the might and magic of Napoleon's genius that first stayed the lawless hand of rebellion, that crushed the insolence and infamy of feudalism, that kindled the fires on the altars of freedom, and stripped autocracy of its imperial purple.

In the art of warfare and the strategy of conflict, the deeds and achievements of this splendid prodigy will forever stand foremost in all earth's records.

Charles Phillips said of Napoleon that "he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity, with no friend but his sword and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and wealth and genius had arrayed themselves and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny."

He attributed the loyalty of Napoleon's legions to his unselfish and remarkable personality, when he said: "Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army, and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favor."

Had he been contented with his successful efforts, with which he thwarted the purposes and subdued the

powers, who sought to destroy democratic government, restore the Bourbons, and enslave the people, his name would have remained imperishable in history.

But it matters not how laudable the purposes or how sacred the principles he at first espoused, he forsook them all when intoxicated with glory, to follow in the wake of the star of ambition.

Lifted to power through the new-born democracy, which he had defended and might have enthroned, we find him using its holy cause as a means to advance his personal ambition.

Prior to his victory at the Bridge of Lodi, the purposes of Napoleon were no doubt unimpeachable.

Napoleon said that "it was not till after the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena."

It was there he said, "then arose for the first time the spark of a great ambition."

It was out of the crimson skies of Lodi, out of that pitiless tempest of death, that his glittering star of destiny appeared to beckon him on with its maddening lure.

Lamberton said it was at this battle, "he had caught his first glimpse of his star of destiny, and with mystic mien he unfalteringly followed it." He said that Napoleon "never lost sight of it until at last it set behind the flame-streaked, smoke-crowned field of Waterloo."

If history therefore has correctly judged him, that glorious victory was the Great Divide in his multiphase character and turbulent career.

Beginning with that momentous battle, that epochal hour, Napoleon Bonaparte becomes the "intoxication of triumph, the incarnation of merry yet savage despotism. He is the mad plentitude of power seeking for limits, but finding them not, neither in men nor facts."

In the eloquent language of Sargent Prentiss, in the latter portion of his mad career, "Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space and scattering pestilence and terror among the nations."

No logic of his most ardent admirers can justify his pitiless and unprovoked invasion of Egypt or his heartless conquest of Spain.

In the startling success of each succeeding campaign, marked by the genius of his leadership and the seeming invincibility of his armies, the issues for which they struggled became obscured.

Conscious of the brilliant glow and ascendency of his star of destiny, worshipped as its idol by a peerless army, seated in the shadow of its eagles, he conceived the idea of reviving the monarchy.

We see him betray the trust of a brave and chivalric people as he restored the monarch's rule, assuming his seat aloof in royal robes and regal pomp, "high on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

An entrant in the circle of European sovereigns, insolent and autocratic as the imperial Caesars, we see him haughtily wearing the crown of empire.

We see the fallen form of liberty mute and lifeless at his feet, the stars of victory faded from her forehead, and his red thumb-prints on her white throat.

Forgetting the cause that thrilled his early activities, supported by a soldiery as brave as ever bled "in bleak Thermopylae's sepulchral strait," we see him with sullen mien, playing with alien armies the chess of chance and conquest, to him a greater sport, "whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones."

One brilliant writer has said of Napoleon that "he was the most cruel and selfish culprit of all time."

Metternich said of him that "he had but one passion, that of power, that as a war chariot crushes everything it meets on its way, so he thought of nothing but to advance."

Impartial history should at last divide the laurels of his achievements with the peerless leadership of his marshals, but as the loftiest peak catches the first rays of the rising sun and is crowned monarch of the hills, so Napoleon Bonaparte is the proud recipient of all the praise.

Yet I must confess that there is a strange and unspeakable facination in following the movements of his incomparable genius. I love to watch him as he leads his veteran legions across the sunny summits of the snow capped Alps and plants them on the plains

of Italy. I love to follow him to the shadow of the pyramids, when standing before the flower of French chivalry, he said: "Forty centuries look down upon you" I love to watch the sparkle of his genius at Abensburg, Ulm, and Austrilitz, and "crossing the Bridge at Lodi with the tri-color in his hand." And my heart always melts with sympathy when I think of how his hopes went down with the faithful Old Guard at Waterloo, and how he was afterwards banished to the lonely rock of St. Helena. But I forget Napoleon the general and think of Napoleon the man, when I read of how the flowering knighthood of France was lost in its march from Moscow.

I forget Napoleon the general and I think of Napoleon the man when I recall that he pushed the only woman who ever loved him from his side for a light-headed frivolous Austrian princess.

Victor Hugo said that "the purposes of God and Napoleon's purposes had crossed," and that "his fall had been decreed by providence." He said that Waterloo was not a battle that it was "a universe changing front."

The angel of history will portray and condemn with unsparing censure the colossal tragedy in the life of Napoleon, who rose to power as the champion of liberty, but who fell as the angry Nemesis of Europe and the remorseless Juggernaut of war.

For the wreck and ruthless ruin his loyal legions wrought to the monody of muffled drums throughout

a continent, in the plea of military necessity or cause of self defense, history may palliate and in time atone; but for the seas of sorrow he brought to hearts and hearths and homes and the tide of blood and tears that flowed to lift his craft to glory, he must find his reckoning in the courts of God.

But how different and what a contrast is found in the life of Robert E. Lee, who forsook the star of ambition, the leadership of the union armies, to assume the leadership of the armies of his own native state.

In a Southern audience, always emotional, the name of no leader in American history can call into being such fountains of zealous tribute or floods of holy, heartfelt sentiment, as the name of Robert E. Lee, the lovable and lamented leader of the Lost Cause.

For almost half a century his name has commanded the highest honors in the Old South's Hall of Fame; and viewed to day in the glow and sunlight of Southern affection, no career in time can compare with that of this storm-born "paladin of battle," and white plumed prince of Christian chivalry.

Robert E. Lee was a worthy scion of illustrious sires, a descendent of some of the most prominent warriors and statesmen of the Revolutionary period.

His father was the brave and inimitable "Light Horse Harry" Lee, the hero of Paulus Hook, of Eutaw Springs, and Yorktown, and the idol of other armies.

Bearing in his veins the restless blood of ances-

tors, whose talents and time and patrimony were spent in military careers and in the public service. it was but natural that he should select and receive his train ing for life in the West Point Military Academy.

Graduating from that institution with distinguished honors, he exhibited in the war with Mexico his wonderful military genius and his skill as a civil engineer, at the seige of Vera Cruz and the storming of Chapultepec.

It is a matter of laudable pride to every loyal Southerner that it was not through "love for gold or gain or strife for coronet or crown that induced him to forswear the government under whose aegis he was born," and upon whose bright escutcheon in battles fought in other days, "he had shed a new and richer lustre."

Though loyal to the state of his nativity, linked to her glorious achievements with ties of blood, and to her deathless traditions with threads of gold. Robert E. Lee would never have renounced his allegiance to the union but for the fact he believed implicitly in the principles for which the Confederacy fought.

That his election to champion the Southern cause was determined by the principles involved is established by the language he used when the surrender of the South seemed inevitable. He said: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to mantain, and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

Several years after the war had ended, General Lee remarked to General Wade Hampton: "We could have pursued no other course without dishonor. And sad as the result has been, if it had all to be done over again we should be compelled to act in precisely the same manner."

If I were asked today to review the reasons and disclose the cause of that great civil conflict, I would lead you back to the Teutonic forests where Angle and Saxon and Jute mingled in purest democracy. I would watch those sacred rights develop until Puritan and Cavalier sought the wilds of Western America, where they might enjoy the freedom of self government and avoid the impositions of a tyrannical mother.

I would show you an American Revolution followed close by a New England secession. I would read to you the eternal truths from that sacred gospel of human liberties, the American Declaration of Independence. I would trace the ever-widening diversity of views on the issues of state rights and of centralized government from the distant days of Hamilton and Jefferson to the sound of Sumpter's guns.

Why, my friends, the theory and history of this government is written in the assertion of individual rights, and a relentless resort to the medium of revolution, and Southern States in seceding from the union followed the highway of the Colonial fathers and the history of the Anglo Saxon race.

In the blaze of slander and calumny and criticism, which for a time followed the career of Lee, it found no lack of consistency in his armor, and no stain of ambition upon his bright shield.

Through the span of his life as citizen and soldier, Robert E. Lee was a votary to duty and a patriot to principle, and in the eyes of the just and impartial judge, with whom "a thousand years are as a watch in the night," his character and his motives shall ever remain, as pure as the snow and spotless as a moonbeam.

In his beautiful eulogy, Doctor Goodwin said: "The storm cradled nation whose course his genius guided through all its years of bitterness and blood is a thing of the past, but the principles which called it into existence and placed him at its helm will live as long as liberty has a champion or patriotism a friend."

In the legal aspect of the right to secede from the union, every loyal Southerner yields today to the eternal arbitrament of the sword, with a renewed allegiance to the larger union of American states, and a deathless devotion to the glorious ensign of the American Republic.

The war between the North and the South was no doubt inevitable and the momentous nature of the issues involved rendered it imperative that hostilities should not cease until those issues were eternally settled.

John W. Daniels said: "It was well for all that the war was fought to the finish without compromise either tendered or entertained. The fact that it was so fought out gave finality to its result and well nigh extinguished its embers with its flames. No drop of blood between Petersburg and Appomattox, not one in the last charge was shed in vain."

And I rejoice today that the time has come in this country when the people no longer grovel "among the embers and ignoble passions of the past," but that our thoughts are concerned with the fraternal development of our national life, and the handsome progress of our mighty republic.

In comparing the brilliant careers of Napoleon and Lee, it is the accepted view of military critics that Lee was the peer of the Corsican prodigy, in the strategy of battle and in his genius as a general.

When Robert E. Lee assumed the leadership of Southern armies, in the beginning of the mightiest conflict of the ages, he was confronted with a Herculean task.

His untrained soldiery marched to battle fronts from the customary walks of life, untaught in military tactics and unprovided with arms and munitions. Through the magic of his genius as a general, he formed and disciplined a mighty army, moulding military efficiency from crude and chaotic material.

He selected and assigned the leadership of this

army to a coterie of the ablest generals of his or of any age.

Of all earth's great and incomparable leaders whose genius has fanned the red fury of battle and whose matchless minds have ruled its storm, none can compare with Lee's capable assistants, Jackson, and Johnston, and Gordon, and Hill.

The record of Robert E. Lee as commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces from his ascendency at Seven Pines until the surrender at Appomattox was unequalled by Marlborough or Wellington and unexcelled by Caesar or Napoleon.

His wonderful success as a leader was made possible through the devotion and loyalty of his men.

General John B. Gordon said that "Napoleon Bonaparte never more firmly held the faith of Frenchmen when thrones were trembling before him than did Lee hold the faith of his devoted followers amidst the gloom of his heaviest disasters."

But the decided contrast of his character with Napoleon's was the humane manner with which he conducted war.

When Jefferson Davis congratulated General Lee's army on the victories about Richmond, he said: "Your humanity to the wounded and the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory of your valor."

It may be said to the credit of Lee that throughout his campaigns and his military career, he treated humanely all noncombattants and respected the rights

of private property; that with his consent or at his command, he never threw a shadow across the heart of childhood, nor took a tear from the cheek of love.

It was only through the civilized methods and manly manner with which he fought his battles, that out of the cauldron of that grim conflict, the crucible of that great war, we could achieve the restoration of a united people and sacred assurance of an inseparable union.

No higher tribute has been paid Lee's character than that by the eloquent Ben Hill of Georgia who said: "He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life and modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

When the cause for which he fought had been lost, and the stricken Confederacy "lay prone upon her shield," he sheathed his sword without vindictiveness and unannoyed by the quickening qualms of conscience.

Bending to none with proffered apology, he returned to his peaceful pursuits, "wearing the crested cypress of defeat as gravely proud as some successful Caesar might wear the conqueror's coronal of bays."

Far up among the hills of New England, not long ago, several men sat talking in a Pullman smoker. A cultured son of a Northern soldier was entertaining

the crowd in discussing the generals of the Civil War. After talking at length, he said that Grant was the greatest general of American history, that his name was carved in eternal stone, but, he said, where is the name of Robert E. Lee? An old grey-haired cork-legged veteran, who had been listening, lay down his paper, lifted his glasses and said: "Young man, I was born far into the Southland among the rugged hills of Georgia; I followed Robert E. Lee for four long, weary years, from Chancellorsville to Gettysburg, and from Gettysburg to Appomattox. And I remember well the April morning at Appomattox when with lifted cap and eyes that were wet with tears, I clasped the hand of Robert E Lee with all the tender emotions of a soldier's last farewell, and stacked my bent and battered musket and went limping back to Dixie."

He said: "I agree with you that Grant was a great, a noble, a generous general, but you ask where is the name of Robert E. Lee. Go yonder across Mason and Dixon's line into the palatial homes of the Southland and you will find hanging above the doors the picture of Robert E. Lee. Go search the literature and song of those people where linnets carol in sylvan shades and "cotton rows whiten beneath the stars;" yes go yonder across Mason and Dixon's line and pass the inner wicket that leads to the temple of ten million Southern hearts and there you will find written in the crimson ink of undying love the name of Robert E. Lee."

Read amid the green hills of Virginia, "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown," Robert E. Lee was a star of the first magnitude when the thundering artillery and the lightning flash of musketry painted a scene of desolation and woe upon the cloud of war. The North may boast of her Grant and France of her Corsican genius, but tell us, Oh mystic muse, keeper of the garnered gallery of immortelles, have you one name which can compare with our stalwart Southern leader? Tell us, Oh classic Greece, when all your land was lit by genius and when your white-winged galleys flocked on the Aegean shore, had you one name which could compare with our immortal Lee?

Robert E. Lee was Napoleon without his ambition, he was Alexander without his pride, he was Wellington without his opportunity. And when at Appomattox the immaculate Christ whispered to the Gallilee of Dixie, "Peace, be still," he laid aside his broken sword and shattered shield to become the Rugby's Thomas Arnold of the South.

Shepherding at Lexington the youth of the South land, in the great institution which still bears his name he gave his declining years to tireless labor and telling sacrifice until at length "he fell in his saint like beauty asleep by the gates of light."

But he lived to see the embers of that horrible holocaust die, its ashes disappear, and upon its shattered ruins a New South rise, beautiful "as a sea Cybele fresh from ocean."

Through the years of his youth and early manhood, he was true to the union, but when its ways and Dixieland's had parted, he was truer still to the Southland, loyal, devoted through her four years war, and the sober peaceful years that followed, even to the hour his body lay embedded in roses.

And as his spirit winged its flight through astral glories, I think he stooped to kiss the Southern Cross.

In reaching a discussion of the stars of Hendrix College, I realize the futility of an effort at individual comment. It is enough to say that in practically every city and hamlet of the South, some star of Hendrix College is shining in resplendent glory. It matters not whether his efforts are spent in public service or private life, he represents a type of sterling manhood, whose station is pitched upon the highest plane. And I feel today, as I speak to the students and alumni of Hendrix College, that I address the flower of the culture and knighthood of our state.

The friends of Hendrix College have always pointed with pardonable pride to the long and creditable list of splendid men whose names appear in the bright and lengthening scroll of her alumni.

The fact that you have met the demands of her exacting curriculum, measuring up to the high and lofty mark of scholarship and manhood she has fixed is evidence of the fact you have not missed the beautiful and eternal message of the stars of history:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

There is a close and kindly tie, a common comradeship between the men who met that test, which quite relieves but doubly honors my pleasant duty here today.

The sentiment of that other side of this occasion recalls the pleasing verse of Oliver Wendell Holmes who said:

"There is no friend like an old friend
Who has shared our morning days,
No greetings like his welcome,
No homage like his praise."

My heart is sad today when I realize that some of the brightest stars who have ever honored the fair name of our alma mater have passed in peaceful serenity and deathless glory out into the impenetrable darkness of the long, long night.

Today, in fond retrospection, as we look down the dim corridors of time, we see again the smiling faces of the scholarly Ed. England, the polished John Carr, the genial John Brown, the manly Maude Gleason, and many others who have long since passed beyond the echoless strands of that silent river.

Coming at unexpected hours, the summons from the silent reaper has also reached two of the most admired and brilliant stars of the faculty of Hendrix College.

Through a golden dream of the days that are

gone, illumined by such hallowed memories as only the circumstances of this occasion could recall, we see the affable face and stalwart form of the intellectual George Miller.

We hear again the kind and courteous greeting and feel the friendly hand-clasp of the cultured and refined Jim Hawley.

Oh, what a wealth of hallowed recollections are reborn with the sound of his name!

For within the wide and spacious halls of his great, throbbing heart, he caught the fragrance of campus flowers, and the sunshine that kindled in their caress, and brought them from campus nooks into the grind of daily toil and into class-room duties.

His attentive devotion to his charming wife was beautiful indeed, and about his life while he lingered here, the air was as full of sunlight and song as when Miriam sang by the sea.

How oft' at chapel's holy hour have I heard his clarion voice ring clear:

"On the other side of Jordan
In the sweet fields of Eden
Where the tree of life is blooming
There is rest for me"

And as I listened, I seemed to see across the cloud-banked course his song had builded the morning break in celestial glory in the land of the crimson dawn.

Oh how sweet and precious are the blessed memories of that happy long ago!

We realize today that many of our brightest men are passing; many of our brilliant stars are fading, and that silently with each succeeding year,

"The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill
But Oh for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still."

But this, my friends, we know today, that so long as friendship's tie shall plight its troth with Christian faith, somehow and somewhere, we shall strike hands with them again in a welcomed homecoming beyond the grave.

The eloquent Prentice tells us that when the young king of Argus was about to yield up his life as a sacrifice to fate, his beautiful Clemantha bending above him asked him to tell her if they should meet again. He said: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal, of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever, of the stars amid whose azure fields my raised spirit hath trod in glory, and all were dumb. But now, as I look into thy beautiful face, and see the love and divinity, and immortality that kindle through its beauty, I know that it can never perish; we shall meet again."

And so we feel that it would be the acme of unhappy fate were there no fair and flowered elysian fields in which the souls of our departed may flourish unhurt "amid the war of elements the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

But as long as memory lives and keeps her tryst-

ing place with love, we shall delight on these occasions to loiter again with old friends in the sheltering shades and listen again to laughter from lips that are long since dust.

"Oh a wonderful stream is the river time
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow
And the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, as they come and they go
On the river's breast with its ebb and its flow
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river time
Where the softest of airs are playing
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that isle is the long ago
And we bury our treasures there
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow
There are heaps of dust, Oh we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

Oh remember for aye, be that blessed isle
All the day of our life until night.
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile
May that greenwood of souls be in sight."

It is in the simple, sincere spirit of this sweet fellowship that we recall today the vanished years and here commemorate the stars of Hendrix College enrolled among our honored dead.

But I would not have you think, my friends, that

men have a monopoly on that rare and subtle substance the world calls genius. While I understand that the best artists of today have decided that all angels are men, yet I think they would readily reach a different conclusion on the question of genius.

While we have our Caesar and our Cromwell, they have their Joan of Arc and Maid of Saragossa; while we have our Mozart and our Mendelssohn, they have their Nordica and Pattie; while we have our Byron and our Shelley, they have their Browning and Elliott.

The poet has said:

"They talk about a woman's sphere as though it had a limit:
There's not a place on Earth or in Heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Why old Anthony threw the world away for the caress of a woman.

But Byron has said:

" 'Tis sweet at eve to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouth welcome as we draw near home,
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark our coming,
And grow brighter when we come."

Whatever may have been the achievements of American women on tented field or forum, I believe that the star of woman's greatness shines brightest in the home.

"She made home happy-these few words I read

Within a churchyard 'graven on a stone.
No name, no date: the simple words alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known,
But alas, that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown
Thrilled me far more than his who armies led!

'She made home happy.' Through the long said years,
The mother toiled and never stopped to rest
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's to my mind."

And when impartial history shall chronicle the achievements of American women, I had rather it be written of them that they were true to home until love's sweet scented manuscript had closed than that they possessed the beauties of the Greecian Helen or the charms of Egyptian Cleopatra.

But whatever our destined lots in life may be, we join the poet today who said:

"Ye stars which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves, we can read the fate of men and empires,
'Tis to be forgiven, that in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you.
For ye are a beauty and a mystery,
And create in us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life
Hath named themselves a star."

And so, young men and young ladies, you have to day, my hope, my wish, my prayer, that your lives may shine with the same beauty, transcendent splendor, and glory, as the stars, in Heaven.

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